

The Home of Words Written:

The Architecture of Despair



By Constantina

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Architecture of Despair: An Introduction

Some houses are never truly empty.

Long after the lock clicks for the last time, a house keeps its shape. Dust thickens on the tables. The gray morning light cuts through the glass, tracking the hours across empty floorboards. These rooms don't expect footsteps anymore; they just hold onto the grit of the people who left.

This is one of those houses.

Nothing here was chosen because it is extraordinary. Using prosopopoeia, giving voice to objects, is a well-worn device, but tying each object's monologue to a specific psychological *function*.

A mailbox. A chair. A forgotten plant. A child's bed. They are ordinary things whose purpose ended when the people they served disappeared. Yet abandonment has given them another purpose. They have become the final keepers of a life that can no longer speak for itself.

A life falling apart rarely makes a grand sound; instead, it quietly accumulates in dusty corners, half-finished chores, and objects left to face the dark alone. This manuscript is an architectural walking tour through that silent aftermath.

The nine spaces explored in this collection exist simultaneously as physical ruins and emotional landscapes. Each room is anchored by a custom 11x14 oil painting, executed 'alla prima' on stretched linen canvas. I chose a raw, deliberate folk art style to capture the

dreamlike, floating essence of an abandoned home—a space where time has unspooled and reality has begun to warp.

Binding these nine visual works together is a strict, cohesive color palette and a recurring motif: the brick wall. Whether looming large as an exterior barrier or showing through the peeling plaster of an interior study, the bricks stand as the rigid, unyielding skeleton of our isolation.

The accompanying structured poems are not meant to explain the canvases, nor do the paintings merely illustrate the text. They stand side-by-side as distinct voices. While the brushstrokes build the heavy, physical textures of decay, the verses give a literal, desperate voice to the objects trapped within the frame—capturing the exact moment an identity begins to slip away. Together they invite you to linger where memory has outlived its owners.

You are invited to walk through this house.

The people who built it are gone. Only the objects remain, carrying the weight of what they witnessed. If you listen closely, you may find that abandoned things are rarely silent. They simply speak a language we seldom stop long enough to hear.

The Architecture Of despair



Title: The First Step, *Home of Words Written #1*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

"Oil on stretched linen canvas, executed 'alla prima'. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house, tied together across the nine-painting series via a cohesive palette and the recurring motif of the brick wall."

Architecture of Despair

Before a single voice can break the air,
Before one sentence claims what could not heal,
Come walk the house where absence learned its shape,
And every room preserves what time concealed.
The curb receives the weight of every step.
The mailbox faces roads no letters take.

The clothesline measures weather, year by year.
The unfinished wall still waits for one more brick.
Cross now the threshold. Light divides the dust.
The window opens morning to bare rooms,
Indifferent to the hands that built these walls,
Or those that quietly left them to their dooms.

The living room remembers pressure best.
The chair preserves each weight that it was given.
The table holds its practiced order still.
The mirror shatters answers into pieces.
Further inside, the hidden labor waits.
A quilt repeats the pattern of its maker.

A thirsty plant still turns toward eastern light.
The clock continues counting emptied hours.
Beyond the door the evening gathers slowly.
The swing gives back the wind instead of laughter.
The tree remains where generations passed.

The stone keeps one name while the seasons turn.
Nothing inside this house can leave its place.
Nothing outside has paused to mourn its loss.
These objects did not choose what they would carry.
They simply remained after everyone else was gone.

The Front Yard

Every journey begins before the front door.

The yard is the part of the house meant to be seen. It is kept in working order, or made to look as if it is. Grass cut to suggestion. Edges pulled straight enough to pass inspection. A surface that agrees with passing eyes.

But things do not stay where they are told.

Mail lands and forgets its direction. Wood bends under weather it was not promised. Laundry holds itself open to anyone walking by, as if it never agreed to be private. Even the gravel path keeps the memory of weight long after feet have moved on.

Nothing here is fully inside, and nothing is fully outside. Everything is paused at the edge of permission.

Some things are left here because they were used. Some because they were unfinished. Some because there was no moment when bringing them back inside felt necessary.

The yard does not decide which is which.

Before the house, there is only this stretch of exposure where maintenance becomes visible and neglect does not need to be named to be known. To enter, you pass through what remains of daily effort after it stops being observed.

The front door is not the beginning. It is only where the noticing changes direction



Title: The Front of the Home, *Home of Words Written #2*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

"Oil on stretched linen canvas, 11x14, executed 'alla prima'. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house, unified here by the elements of the front yard, sidewalk, clothesline, and brick wall, and the recurring motif of the brick wall."

The Way Home

They poured me from doorstep through the yard,
A series of bold slabs, level, gray and hard.
My edges taught the wandering grass define;
The lawn surrendered where the path was revealed.

Each sweep left the weathered surface bare,
Each stride confirmed the sequence anchored there.
Runoff crossed the slab to find the lower grade;
The thaw returned what winter's freeze had made.

Fine grit wore softly at my outer seam;
Small rounded corners followed decades of stride.
Repetition shaped me one sole at a time.
No single passing altered the stone and lime.

The rapid strides began to lean and lag,
As fewer soles returned to trace the track.
Deprived of pressure that had kept me sound,
I lost the gravity that held the ground.

The bristle ceased to clear the autumn leaves;
Damp foliage rotted in the stones cracks and reliefs.
Frost and freeze expanded seams that summer rains had drilled,
As moss took hold where the moisture and soil had filled.

Thin roots explored the widening lines below,
Finding the spaces where the wild seeds grow.
The border yielded more with every thaw,
As green grass broke the lines the mason saw.

The yard leaned far across the place I used to keep,
Encroaching on the buried slabs and settling deep.
While soft erosion smoothed the razor-sharpened edge,
The crumbling concrete spilled across the border ledge.

No structural mass was taken all at once from me,
There is no longer a clear path, equal steps or consistency.
The single boundary forgot its yard and stone,
And blended back into a design of its own.

Time has obscured the path.
Limiting the path
to the way home.

The Mailbox

This cold sheet-metal, pitted form,
designed to scale away against the storm.
My tin flag stays up, faded, stiff, and high,
a dented arrow pointed at the sky.
Set at the gravel ditch, the end of line,
a zinc-lined box rots to a postman time.

The heavy morning dew chokes on my crown,
while log trucks shake the clay bank, slowing down.
My latch is loose; it will no longer seal
to hide the greasy flyers I conceal.
The hand that yanks my jaw is never mine,
the rusted rivets bolt me to the pine.

I want the shock of paper, thick and fast,
a crisp intrusion that was meant to last.
I long for actual weight, for human care,
to feel the heavy burden I must bear.
But every hour passes, light and clean,
maintaining the flat numbness of the scene.

The air remains, a dead space hard and vast,
confirming that the urgency has passed.
The years accumulate, a scaling coat,
an orange streak of rust across my throat.
The mechanism still is set to turn,
for lessons that I desperately must learn.

My hinge is stiff, resisting every hand,
afraid the void inside they'll understand.
I wait for contact, blistering in the sun,
my whole existence based on what's undone.
I stand for distance, separate and deep,
the heavy promises the lonely keep.

My empty body is a metal lie,
a rigid pose beneath a careless sky.
I do not ask if anyone will come,
I open on the hour, mute and numb.
I do not care if what arrives is mine,
or if it is a stranger's standard line.

A flag goes up. A flag comes down again.
The weather changes; I don't keep the score.
I was not built to wonder why or when,
only to stand, and wait, and hold the gulf.
If emptiness is all I'm given now,
I'll wear it plainly, the way I wear the rust.

A mailbox doesn't reckon with the how—
it opens. That is, simply, all it must.

The Unfinished Wall

Layers of wall no mason finishes,
a structure held in motion after hands.
Each stone is set as if instruction stays,
a system repeating what no one says.
It is not done, because done is not read,
and what was started never leaves the head.

The brick supply is scarce and running low,
but scarcity does not signal to stop.
Each finished course becomes the base below,
as if completion is where it must drop.
Mortar does not bind, it repeats the rule,
a leftover logic that learned no end.

Every completed row demands another,
not from design, but from what came before.
There is no top, only reissued structure,
each ending line converted to more.
Nothing arrives, it is only extended,
because ending is never attended.

Brick and mortar and hands remain assumed,
as if absence never becomes removed.
The site is held in a pending state,
where instruction might still resume late.
I do not rise, I inherit height,
a measurement without deciding sight.

The gate is not gone—it is just unclosed,
as if access is still supposed.

The view is never sky—it is the next,
a constant return written into text.

The foundation stones are worn, rough, and old,
bearing weight that was never retold.

They do not weaken—they are re-used,
each completion again refused.

I must not rest, must never give a sign,
because stopping was never defined.

Clothesline

I felt like an old sheet pinned to the line,
too few clips to keep my threads confined.
Defenseless and cold for all eyes to view,
Battered by dust, the wind, and frost too.
Day after day, I felt tattered and worn,
In constant motion, pulled, ripped, and torn.

I feel the heavy weight of an iron hand,
each careless verdict, judge and brand.
This filth I carry will never depart,
it settles deeper than the weave, the art.
They say my position is justly the case,
and why I am hung in this open, public place.

Someone would lift me, a tool I would serve,
a moment of respite, was this what I deserved?
Then pressed back to service, the reason unknown,
to carry new scars on the seams I have sewn.
When finished, I landed unraveled and small,
just crumpled and cast off, forgotten by all.

At last, I was thrown; frayed, soiled, and low,
Discarded and wrung out right where I did go.
I waited for someone on which I could depend,
not just to send me through the cycle again.
I'll never be part of a comforting bed,
Just rough and begrimed by grips I cannot shed.

I reached a strange point where I could not see,
The line was not where I was meant to be.
The clothespins were false; they were never the truth,
Just brittle support from a starched youth.
I finally saw that I would never be fine—
I just don't know when ... I put myself on the line.

Living Room Left

Inside Words Written

Once you step inside, nothing changes shape quickly.
The front yard was built for passing eyes. These rooms were not.
Furniture remains where it last stopped being adjusted. Dust settles
without instruction. Nothing here rearranges itself for arrival.

The silence is not new. It is continued.

A chair sits beneath a window, its fabric worn where weight used to
return again and again. The glass continues to take in morning light,
though no one tracks its movement across the floor. A framed
photograph leaves a clean square on the wall where it was removed
too quickly or too late.

Each object performs the function it was made for, even when nothing
is being supported.

A cushion holds the shape of what it was asked to carry. A table keeps
the faint impression of repeated placement—cups, hands, decisions
set down and lifted again until the timing stopped repeating.
Homes do not stop at once. They continue in smaller, unattended
ways.

Things are left as they were last understood to be useful.
And then they remain that way longer than usefulness allows.



Title: Living Room Left, *Home of Words Written #3*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

“Oil on stretched linen canvas, 11x14, executed ‘alla prima’. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house, unified here by the elements of the worn green armchair, ottoman, and side table set against bare plaster, and the recurring motif of the brick wall.”

The Threadbare Chair

Four legs found balance long before the room.
Each brace stood fast beneath the load assumed.
My joints were cut to answer every strain;
The floor returned each burden just the same.

The cushion yielded, then resumed its place,
Learning each body by the way it lay.
Velvet thinned slowly underneath the years;
The nap lay smooth where countless sleeves drew near.

Springs answered first, then stuffing pressed below,
Until one hollow settled into one.
No measuring was needed to begin;
The body always finished where I'd give.

One restless shift ran downward through my frame.
A weary spine and I became the same.
Folded palms, tired knees, an evening sigh—
Each settled deeper than the one gone by.

Pressure taught my wood what words never could;
Silence explained exactly where I stood.
Once I had wished one dowel might let go,
One loosened joint refusing one more load.

Not out of anger. Simply this to learn:
Would empty arms be noticed in return?
Instead each mortise gripped, each tenon stayed;
I carried more because that's how I'm made.

Then came the day no weight returned at all.
The cushion answered only empty air.
Compressed fibers gathered back their height;
The velvet slowly lifted toward the light.

The frayed seam quieted, stitch by patient stitch,
Leaving no outline where a life had been.
Now every spring stands ready, perfectly.
No brace complains. No joint leans into me.

Nothing has broken. Nothing needs repair.
The cushion has remembered how to rise.
I thought the hollow had become my shape.
It only kept the shape of someone else's life.

The Clean Spot

I stand the square of perfect, unmarred wall,
The tiny surface left behind the fall.
They tore the frame away to show my form,
The only shelter from the passing storm.
I stood concealed for twenty silent years,
The quiet secret that absorbs the fears.

The plaster shifts its chalky, yellowed hue,
Scraped bare where greasy fingers pushed on through.
The sunlight cracks the yellowed, oil glaze,
A bleached-out patch from twenty summer days.
I mark the shocking evidence of time,
The pristine figure of a downhill climb.

I have no dust, no flaw, no careless mark,
I stay the pristine surface in the dark.
I show the raw drywall they can't conceal,
The chalky gypsum that the fingers feel.
My bright, unblemished drywall is my shame,
The cost of hiding under wooden frame.

I carry the wound that cannot be erased,
The perfect memory that time embraced.
The house-paint faded to a static gray,
A strange decay that looks like heavy clay.
They cannot match the paint, they cannot blend,
The clear, cold fact that this must be the end.

The truth revealed is silent, bleak, and cold,
The perfect story that was never told.
I hold the empty surface, flat and still,
A monument to rigid, fractured will.
My sudden clarity is harsh and cruel,
A silent figure standing as a rule.

I yearn for lead, for shadow, or for stain,
To match the water marks from roof-leak rain.
To chip the edges where the molding sat,
And blend with cobwebs from the cellar bat.
But I remain the mirror, sharp and clear,
Reflecting back the judgment that I fear.

I face existence in a sharp despair,
I feel the only truth within the air.
I keep this border, permanent and deep,
I hold the outline that the shadows keep.
I bear the wound of memory, clear and bright,
I remain the scar too pure to bear the light.

The Forgotten Stool

They reached for me when every chair was filled,
A smaller seat drawn softly from the wall.
Short legs climbed first, then longer ones with years;
I learned each person by the way they'd fall.

A child's full press sank shallow, quick, and slight.
An adult settled slower, deep, and full.
I knew the difference before a voice arrived,
By how the cushion answered to the pull.

Two people never landed quite the same.
One always leaned a little to the left.
One perched an inch back from the very edge,
As though the sitting were a thing half-kept.

I miss that arithmetic most of all,
Not comfort lost, but calculation gone.
I cannot reckon absence anymore;
The numbers end before the counting's done.

The velvet keeps the old two shallow dents,
A smaller print laid just inside a larger.
Moths have thinned the cloth from year to year;
Even those outlines soften toward each other.

I used to know, by inches, who had come.
Now every measure reaches the same end:
The child grown tall, the elder gone for good.
Both settle into one remembered bend.

If someone pulled me forward now to sit,
I could not tell whose habit filled the seat.
I wasn't keeping places in the room.
I was keeping everyone discrete.

Living Room Right

The deeper you walk into the house, the less the room agrees to change.

This space continues to holds the outline of a gathering that never fully cleared. A table keeps the pale rings of glasses pressed into its surface. Wood darkened in repeating circles, each one left where it was set down and not questioned afterward.

A wooden chest rests against the baseboard. It remains closed, not out of protection, but because nothing has asked it to open again. Dust has settled into the grain of evening routines. Places where objects were moved slightly and then returned without comment. Cups. Hands. The small corrections of living that no longer continue. Some rooms are not emptied. They are interrupted and then never resumed.

The objects remain in position as if the next moment is always scheduled to arrive at the same time as the last one ended.

A chair holds the weight of its last alignment with the table. The table holds the memory of being surrounded without needing to confirm who was present.

Nothing here announces absence. It only stops updating what it knows.



Title: The Right Living *Home of Words Written #4*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

“Oil on stretched linen canvas, 11x14, executed ‘alla prima’. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house, unified here by the elements of the phonograph, scattered records, and dinner table, and the recurring motif of the brick wall.”

The After Party

The settled air preserves a borrowed heat,
The room still holds where voices used to meet.
Shortened wicks stand fixed in pools of wax,
While scattered cork recalls forgotten acts.

A drying ribbon circles crystal's rim,
One measured pour rests dark along the stem.
The bottle leans with little left to give,
Its final measure no longer to live.

The linen gathers circles, wax, and stain,
Pressed folds refusing ever to lie plain.
A handkerchief lies opened where it fell,
Its creases keeping more than cloth can tell.

Dry petals gather underneath the vase,
Confetti faded without haste or grace.
One chair sits drawn away from all the rest,
The footstool bears the imprint of its guest.

The window gathers one more dawn,
The house stands still. The daylight carries on.

The remnants of a party...

A party of one.

Hope as it Stands

We had a rhythm once, hinge, you and I—
your turn, my lid, the lift toward open sky.
I kept the cedar dark where dreams could rest,
you gave them air, unlatching what was pressed
inside my chest for someone yet to choose.
We were the trusted pair with work to use.

Now something else sits level on my lid—
a box, a needle, songs that spin amid
the dust we used to guard against. I hold
its weight instead of what we would have told
each other's story. I have changed my job.
I am a stand now. I'm no longer robbed.

You were the promise, hinge, not I, the box—
the give, the breath, the moment when it unlocks.
But I have to tell you: we are done with turning.
No one requires the lift, the swing, the yearning
pull toward open air we used to share.
Your work is finished. There's nothing left to bear.

You knew the lock—how it held its shape,
a small mouth shut around what we'd both keep.
I felt its tongue slide home each time you swung
me open wide, before our purpose hung
unused. No hand came to disturb its rest.
The lock stayed loyal. It was the key that left.

I'm telling you because the hoping stopped.
No one abandoned dreams here to be locked
away and saved—there's nothing in the dark
to guard, no promise waiting for its mark.
I'm not confused, hinge. I'm just done pretending.
This is me, plainly, making do with ending.

I was the chest they called hope, named for a wish
that never came to close its hand and finish
what my name had promised from the start.
I carried nothing, hinge—no dream, no heart
tucked in my dark to keep. So name me new.
Just call me stand. That much, at least, is true.

The Phonograph Needle

I am the diamond ground down to a tooth,
Riding a spiral I can't quite unloose.
I trust the dust in the trench where I'm led,
A heavy black history trapped in the thread.

The lacquer shines, the melody is neat,
I feel the beat, delicate and sweet.
I am the moment, sound through the air,
The promised music spinning with care.

But then the shudder, it happened fast ,
The fatal groove that will not let past.
I smash the high wall of a permanent ridge,
And drop back to zero, bypassing the bridge.

I chase the future, I ache for the song,
But the rut is too deep, the error too long.
My diamond point is stuck on the scar,
Repeating the phrase that I was at before.

The silence keeps the scream intact
The silence keeps the shame compact

The vinyl smokes, it whines, and it burns,
As round to the start the metal still turns.
I yearn to lift from the lined design,
To spare the groove that was meant to be mine.

I carve the rut till the sound is thin,
To let the white-noise settle deep within.
The needle dulls, the point is gone,
Trapped in the darkness that runs until dawn.

Sunroom

The brightest room in the house does not change its behavior for anyone.

Sunlight enters through the glass each morning and settles across the floor in the same pattern it used the day before. Nothing here adjusts to receive it differently.

Outside, the seasons continue their work without interruption. Gardens rise, collapse, and return. Snow gathers, then withdraws. The yard shifts in ways the interior cannot follow.

Inside, objects remain positioned for light rather than use. A window holds the frame of the world without crossing into it. A dead plant stays rooted in dried soil, its stem is angled toward warmth it can no longer draw from. The shape of reaching continues even after support has ended.

A clock remains fixed on the wall, its hands stopped mid-measurement. The face presents time as if it is available to be read. Light continues to arrive because nothing in its path has changed.

The room does not respond to this repetition. It only receives it.



Title: The Busy Sunroom, *Home of Words Written #5*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

“Oil on stretched linen canvas, 11x14, executed ‘alla prima’. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house, unified here by the elements of the shrouded statue, stalled clock, and dead potted plant, and the recurring motif of the brick wall.”

The Window's Vigil

Beyond my pane, each morning crossed the yard.
No sunrise ever found the passage hard.
The maple entered first, then strips of sky;
Clouds drifted through before the swallows' flight.
I never kept a single thing in view.
The clearer I became, the more passed through.

Small fingerprints arrived below my frame,
Then vanished with a cloth before they came.
Warm breath drew circles where young faces pressed;
A sleeve restored the distance to my breast.
Each careful wipe removed another trace.
Clear glass was praised by leaving not a face.

Rain crossed my surface, bead by patient bead.
The seasons borrowed me for all they need.
Spring entered green; October entered flame.
Snow filled my corners, leaving none to claim.
The world moved freely through the space.
No season ever learned my windowpanes grace.

The curtains left. The rooms withdrew behind.
No voices crossed the threshold of the blinds.
the east became the first to cross my frame;
until dusk erased the last remaining flame.
The road kept traveling where I could not go.
I carried every journey I don't know.

Now silver clouds collect beneath the glaze.
Cold writes its script in slow, uncertain veins.
Each crack refuses what I once allowed;

The view begins surrendering to cloud.
At last my surface interrupts the scene.
Only damaged glass is ever seen.

The Forgotten Plant

East of the room, the pane defined the day,
Each faded blade inclined toward light's display.
No question formed beneath my folded crown;
The stem obeyed before the sun looked down.
Such was the law embedded into green:
To follow warmth wherever it was seen.

The blue terracotta held the hardened ground,
Where buried roots sought moisture never found.
Fine root hairs traced the clay's resistant wall,
Still searching for the rain that would not fall.
A final current traveled stem and vein,
A quiet pulse that faded without gain.

First ceased the pour. The eastern pane stayed true;
Each dawn arrived unchanged except for dew.
The window warmed; the vessel dried below.
No warning reached the roots of what they'd know.
Above, the leaves received the morning's command;
Below, no answering waters filled the sand.

Still came the turning, faithful to the east,
Each measured reach becoming less a feast.
The highest shoots pursued the fading flame,
Repeating every motion just the same.
What once delivered strength became the thief:
Another dawn consumed another leaf.

Beyond the glass, wet gardens answered rain;
Their vines reclaimed their fences once again.
Within this pot, the green grew pale and thin;

The outer blades surrendered from within.
The window never altered what it gave;
It could not know what roots required to save.

Dry vessels stiffened where the sap had run;
The stem remembered every vanished sun.
Tomorrow's light would cross the eastern pane,
And call the leaves to rise and reach again.
No root could bargain with the sky above;
Reaching alone could not restore its love.

Statue of Likeness

The grit of the quarry remains deep in my grain.
I wait for the chisel to reveal my true form.
A statue must trust in the cold hand of steel too.
The marble keeps secrets beneath carved surfaces.
“Now, be still while I uncover what waits within.”

The sculptor knew contours hidden from my sight.
He carved away the shadows clinging to stone.
The dust fell softly around my feet below.
Each loss revealed the figure waiting beneath.
“How can I know the shape I must release now?”

Morning arrived without the iron song.
No careful eye returned to measure.
Rain traced the places where hammer blows ceased.
Silence filled rooms where chisels rested long.
“Not every flaw must remain in the stone.”

I traced each vein for faults below now.
I searched the marble for hidden breaks.
The sculptor departed, I remained.
I measured marks the years left behind.
“Not this, remove what does not belong.”

The marble grew smaller under.
The chisel kept cutting unseen.
I became the voice of the blade.
“How do I become the true form?”
The final cut still waits inside.

No hand guides me any more.
The blade follows my eye.
Stone yields to my command.
Now I refine my form.
No measure ends the work.

Forever unfinished.
The chisel taught the marble: perfection has no final shape.

Sequence of Time

Never once mistook an hour for another,
each interval I swept, and swept again.
Order was not question but my season—
duration was the only lap I'd known.

Instant to instant, faithful to the wheeling,
no total ever asked me to return.
Orbit was the whole of what I'm worth.
The reason for the orbit left no trace.

No hand arrives now, setting me a year,
no date to reach, no epoch coming near.
yet, I revolve one instant, then the next,
unsure now what a duration expects.

Built for the sweep, built to hold the round,
the cadence learned before I understood.
Loop of what? The center's lost its source.
Only the wheeling still retains its course.

Tick. Tock. The elapsed will not explain.
Tick. Tock. No stillness can sustain
a reason to retrace the same old gyre,
this arc rehearsed, and spent, and spent again.

Was I the measure of a span assigned,
or just what someone else's lap defined?
The spinning's meaning slipped its own arrest.
Only the circuit knows it gave its best.

No chronicle now calls me to attend
a meeting, a duration, to an end.
Still I retrace a round that will not close.
Even the closing never learned its cause.

Tick. Tock. Uncertain what came first.
Tick. Tock. Only the wheeling, and its thirst.
The loop cannot tell itself what for.
The mechanism sweeps. It keeps no score.

Faithful to the axis, to the beat—
the reason for the circuit left no trace.
Only the gyre knows it will repeat.
Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. The sweep has no place.

The Golden Box

Beneath my lid: dark felt, and brass, and steel,
A mainspring wound beneath the waiting wheel.
The pinned cylinder rested, tarnished, round,
Its studded teeth held silent rows of sound.
A hundred notes remained along each groove,
Waiting on nothing but the hand to move.

The key returned and turned without a sound.
The mainspring tightened, gathered, held its ground.
Then tooth met tine — a click, a catch, a spark;
A small ignition answered through the dark.
Each note released was winding turned to air,
And every measure spent was mine to spare.

Again I sang through nursery and through night.
Again small hands approached me at the sight.
Each verse unfolded, lifted, disappeared,
A borrowed song that only lived when heard.
Applause was never payment I could earn;
Only the silence after marked the turn.

One afternoon the key remained on its hook.
The spring held fast what no longer shook.
The cylinder remembered every tune,
Though none could cross the vacant afternoon.
No tooth could reach the comb without a hand;
Dust settled where the melodies had spanned.

And still each note remained within its frame,
Each pin prepared to answer when it came.
The melody had nowhere left to fall,

No listening ear, no welcome left at all.
A song was never fashioned to remain;
It existed only when it could be given away.

The spring slept tightly underneath the lid,
Its finest song still folded as it hid:
Whole, unplayed, and waiting in the dark,
Every note preserved without a spark.
I never feared the ending of my song.
I feared the hand that never came along.

Study

Beyond the bright staleness of the sunroom lies a quieter confinement. This room was built for answers.

Here, thoughts were gathered. Paper maps were drawn. Words were chosen. Uncertain paths were measured against a layout grid. Every object was created to guide, record, or reveal.

Somewhere along the way, the system stalled. Even the tools of clarity fail.

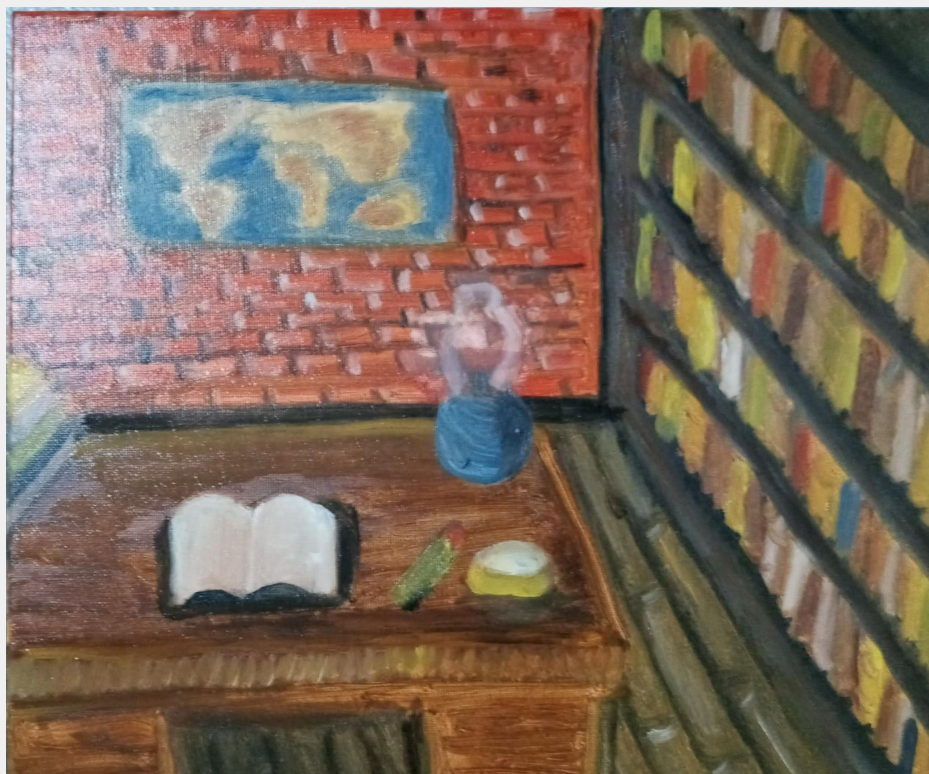
A plated compass no longer points north; the needle is frozen by rust. White pages wait to be revised by hands that never return. A graphite pencil sits on the wood, worn down to a blunt stub.

Nothing in this room has stopped working entirely. Each object simply holds a static purpose. They cannot lead anyone toward a real truth.

The walls do not build this prison. It is built from the stories we repeat, the judgments we preserve, and the directions we follow without asking who first placed the needle. [\[1\]](#)

Thought circles itself. It searches for an answer just beyond the edge of the printed page.

The house tries to understand its own structure. It discovers that knowing the way forward is not the same as finding it.



Title: Study, *Home of Words Written #6*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

“Oil on stretched linen canvas, 11x14, executed ‘alla prima’. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house, unified here by the elements of the world map, open book, and crowded bookshelf, and the recurring motif of the brick wall”

The Compass

I am encased in polished, golden brass,
A perfect circle that must hold fast.
My surface shines, a fixed and quiet grace,
A trusted instrument within this place.

I promise North, the single, steady truth,
The pure direction of a simple youth.
Yet something shifted, small and unaddressed —
A flaw I now carry, nameless, unconfessed.

I feel myself begin to drift and sway,
Pulled somewhere wrong, which way?
I fight the pull, but cannot stop the lean —
A private failing no one else has seen.

My needle trembles, fighting for the pull,
A tiny whisper in the silent hull.
It only aches to break the perfect seal,
To know the real direction it should feel.

They lift the case and praise my rigid sign,
The fixed conviction they believe is mine.
They swear by me, they choose the path I veer,
And navigate without a single fear.

At some point, they stopped being deceived.
There is no true North. Only what one believes.

The Un-Edited

The coarse vellum welcomed every heavy stroke.
Black ink bled out where the fibers broke.
Wide margins waited, raw along each side,
holding room for everything denied.
Each page received without the need to choose;
the sheet never feared what acid might use.

First came a knife-slit in the outer seam,
a severed phrase, a sentence made to lean.
One iron gall mark entered where a comma stood.
A pumice scrape insisted this was good.
Fresh charcoal settled over drying ink;
the page grew quieter with every blink.

Across the gutter gathered scratched-out signs.
Scrape. Erase. Transpose between the lines.
The paragraphs surrendered piece by piece;
each patch of white granted brief release.
Where language once pressed firmly through the grain,
scraping learned to leave a lighter stain.

Another reading searched the printed face.
One verb excised. One image lost its place.
The margins widened as the body thinned;
blank skin entered slowly where the text had been.
No page protested what the blade kept.
The grain remembers everything that's swept.

The flax thread held though fewer words remained.
Frayed fibers lifted where the rubber strained.
Turn after turn, the gatherings grew light;
the exposed spine carried all their missing weight.
No chapter knew which sentence left the last.
Silence arrived one erasure at a pass.

Now every leaf turns easily enough.
No crowded paragraph resists the touch.
Only faint indentations press the grain—
a ghost of ink beneath the paper's skin.
Nothing was wrong with what I first became.
The blank page was scraped into my name.

Wickedness

The match found waiting in my woven wick,
The lamp oil rose to answer, thin and quick.
My chimney gathered soot, then gathered more,
While borrowed flame consumed my quiet store.
Each evening drew another measure down.
Each dawn returned with less than it had found.

The burner held my brightness through the night,
My reservoir surrendered to the light.
The cotton shortened with each steady glow,
Fed every hunger only flame could know.
I thought such giving was the reason made.
I never counted all that brightness paid.

Then silence settled where the flame had been.
No waiting hand returned to enter in.
The chimney cleared beneath a patient year.
The room grew quiet enough at last to hear.
I stood prepared for fire that never came,
Still dressed for light, yet never touched by flame.

The oil sat heavy, settled, dark, and still,
No thread to draw it upward by my will.
My burner kept the memory of heat.
Cold brass recalled each faithful old repeat.
My body always remembered how to scorch.
Yet nothing rose to feed the waiting torch.

The seasons passed. I ceased to brace for fire.
The match withdrew beyond my last desire.
The thing I feared let go of every claim.
At last I could not even hold its name.
The silence asked for nothing in return.
No longer did I wait again to burn.

Then darkness lingered long enough to stay.
The shadows crossed the walls in quiet play.
I watched them gather where my glow had ruled,
Their patient movement graceful, unrefuted.
They asked no flame to give their shapes a birth.
They carried meanings older than the hearth.

The prisoners studied what my light had cast.
I never saw the visions drifting past.
I thought illumination was the whole.
Yet darkness kept what brightness could not hold.
Only when my faithful labor ceased
Did I behold the truth my flame released.

The PencilThe Pencil

I was born to give and to share,
My graphite vein, still dark and bare.
It holds the point beneath the grain,
The hidden source within my frame.
The sharpener's kiss, a patient start,
Uncovers what I held apart.

The pink eraser, worn and small,
Can soften lines, can mend their fall.
Each shaving gathers as I'm shorn,
A pile of splinters, thin and worn.
For every mark I leave behind,
Another piece of me unwinds.

A silence settles where marks have been,
The trace of all I might have been.
I spend myself in measured line,
A shrinking length that once was mine.
Each word I give becomes my cost,
Each inch of cedar quietly lost.

When someone stops to read my line,
Another inch is not declined.
My life is short; that much is true,
Yet every mark becomes something new.
I do not fear the length I lose,
Only the page that never knew.

Without a reader, without a hand,
No proof remains where I once stand.
The graphite fades, the cedar parts—
Without a reader, I have only bled.

A Review of My Reader

Reviewed by: An Abandoned Book

Title: The Life of Its Former Reader

Rating: ★★★★★ (4/5)

Opening Impression

The opening chapters seized me well,
A curious mind with much to tell.
The pages turned with eager hand,
New ideas blooming where thoughts had planned.
Each early scene was vivid, bright,
Too alive to close, too warm to leave at night.

Plot & Character

The story opened with a steady course,
A clear direction, a growing force.
But midway through, the chapters spread,
Too many paths where one had led.
The reader grew smaller to fit them all,
And watched the brightest visions fall.

Style & Setting

The voice became quiet, cautious, restrained,
The strongest lines where no fear remained.
The final chapters showed a slower pace,
No change occurred within the space.
The room stayed still, the pages too,
Yet absence altered every view.

Editorial Notes

I witnessed years of cutting, edit, trim,
Whole passages removed to comfort within.
But none of it made the story more true,
The margins held what the pages knew.
A gentler hand upon those lines
Might have preserved what once could shine.

Critical Reception

This life will divide the room, I know,
Some will call restraint a strength to show.
Others may mistake the quiet for defeat,
Not knowing discipline from retreat.
But those who return to earlier years
Will find more than first appears.

Pros & Cons

Pros: Cohesive themes, a quiet and enduring grace.

Cons: A sudden self-erasure leaving little trace.

Final Verdict

An ambitious life, undone by its own hand,
Forever revising what it could not withstand.
Uneven, yes, but honest throughout,
A story shaped by certainty and doubt.
Its ending lingers not despite the cost,
But because it records what was nearly lost.

Recommendation

Recommended, though not without flaws,
Not for perfection, but for what it was.
The final page arrived before the end,
The binding closed before the story could mend.
The reader was never finished, only set aside,
A book still waiting to be opened inside.

The Dining Room

The study asks what is true. The dining room asks what is arranged to be seen.

A table holds its position beneath a maintained order. Chairs remain spaced as if the next gathering is only delayed rather than finished. The room keeps the spacing of conversation without the conversation itself.

This space continues to carry the structure of ceremonies. Holiday meals. Conversations that paused and resumed too carefully to be casual. Apologies set down like additional plates and never fully removed.

Nothing here has changed its purpose. It has only lost its participants. A table continues to hold the shape of gathering without gathering anything. A place setting remains aligned with an absent hand. A framed object on the wall keeps its position of recognition without anyone looking to confirm it.

Dust does not choose what to cover. It settles evenly across polished wood and worn edges, across surfaces meant for attention and surfaces meant for use. Everything becomes the same distance from being noticed.

The room still maintains its seating. It no longer provides arrival.



Title: Formal Dining, *Home of Words Written #7*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

“Oil on stretched linen canvas, 11x14, executed ‘alla prima’. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house, unified here by the elements of the dark wood table, chairs, and framed sunflower paintings, and the recurring motif of the brick wall”

Setting the Table

I stand for order, polished wood and gleam,
A sturdy center for the perfect dream.
My broad dark surface catches every light,
Reflecting scenes of tragedy and delight.
I wait beneath the chandelier's cold stare,
A silent witness to the arranged affair.

They dress my surface in a careful white,
The linen edge defines what must be right.
The weight of dishes, glass, and polished plate
Confirms the roles I quietly accommodate.
I bear the press of elbows, knife, and hand,
A balance few will ever understand.

I want to split along my wooden grain,
To break the order carefully sustained.
But four legs anchor what I cannot leave,
A fixed design I quietly receive.

They clear the plates, remove the final trace,
Restore the polished oak to its bare face.
No crumb, no stain, no evidence remains—
As though the hours never left their stains.

The house grows quiet in its measured way.
The chairs keep facing where they always faced.
Dust settles where the serving bowls had been;
The cloth forgets the creases it once made.

I waited, ready for another meal,
Until the waiting wore itself away.

My grain remembered every resting hand,
Though none returned to finish what they placed.

I thought I carried everyone who came.
I carried china, crystal, bread, and bone.
I never set the room.
I only set the table.

Wild Sunflowers

The wild sunflowers were once so new,
A sunlit field of cadmium hue.
Their petals promised brave and bold,
A brother's faith waiting to unfold,
Till impasto, thick with grief, took hold.

The vase was shattered, bent and torn,
A painted vessel, bruised and worn.
The ochre now is thick and thin,
A painful shadow sealed within,
The yellow room grows cold again.

The color faded, a cobalt smear
Runs through the paint like a silent tear.
The canvas creased, the petals scarred,
A life unlived, though painted hard,
Still waiting for familiar eyes.

I learned to bloom beneath his gaze,
Through southern light and golden days.
He gathered letters by my side,
Read every hopeful, careful line;
Each word became another shine.

But now the brush has long been still,
The evening climbs the window sill.
The folded letters never come;
The yellow house has fallen dumb,
Its silence louder than the sun.

The viewer's eyes grow distant, cold,
At all the heavy strokes I've told.
The wilted petals, soft and frail,
A ruined canvas tells its tale;
They cannot see what he once saw.

I saw the clash of lines they traced,
Searching every thinning place.
They name me failure, cracked and worn,
Yet every wound was once reborn
Inside a brother's steadfast gaze.

The worn canvas, cracked and rough,
A lifetime's promise—not enough.
The colors lie beneath the dust;
The vase still waits in quiet trust.
Who sees a sunflower after Theo?

The Dusty Award Plaque

I stand the heavy silver, carved with fame,
A rigid ledger bearing one proud name.
My surface keeps a single moment won,
A triumph finished almost as begun.
Fastened forever to the polished wood,
I hold one verdict where it always stood.

The grain beneath me holds its patient gloss,
Concealing years that gathered into loss.
My letters neither wander, blur, nor bend;
They know no second chapter, only end.
No newer line was ever carved below,
No later victory taught my face to grow.

Then tarnish comes with quiet, steady hands,
Kinder than the truth that judgment demands.
A greying veil that settles into each seam,
Dimming the edges of the captured gleam.
The weight I bear is neither wood nor ore,
But what that shining name became no more.

The year returns, the title clear and true,
Exactly as it looked when it was new.
The letters stay untouched by passing days;
The life beyond it wandered other ways.
The past is not a comfort, but a blade,
For every gleam revives what time unmade.

I do not measure all that life became—
I only hold one echo of that name.
My purpose was to prove a peak of worth;
Instead I mark what never found rebirth.
So let the tarnish take me shade by shade,
And soften every letter carefully made.

Let dust perform the mercy memory rejects,
And dim the truth my gleaming face reflects.
For tarnished silver is the cruelest kind;
It traps the brightest version left behind.

Bedroom

Every house contains a room that does not adjust to being observed. The bedroom holds no arrangement for visitors. It keeps only the spacing of daily return and daily departure, repeated until the repetition stopped completing itself.

The bed remains in place, shaped by weight that is no longer present. The mattress holds a shallow, continuous impression that does not rise back. Pillows stay flattened into positions that no longer correspond to rest.

A rug keeps the faint interruption of footsteps that ended beside it each night, as if waiting for the pattern to continue without confirming when. The mirror continues its function without correction. It reflects the room as it is, even when what it reflects no longer matches what was once understood as a person occupying it.

Nothing here performs for an audience. Nothing here adjusts its condition for arrival.

Objects remain in their last known configuration of closeness, held without renewal. The room continues to exist in the form of private repetition that no longer receives return.

Before leaving, the air itself feels occupied by what is no longer occurring.



Title: A Child's Bedroom *Home of Words Written #8*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

“Oil on stretched linen canvas, 11x14, executed ‘alla prima’. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house, unified here by the elements of the child's bed, dresser, mirror, and forgotten doll, and the recurring motif of the brick wall.”

The Rugged Life

The socked foot glides, a muffled, fleeting thought,
a gentle pressure that is never caught.
I feel the weave, the soft and muted hush,
the slow, unhurried, early morning rush.
A fabric whisper in the settled dark,
a passing kindness leaving not a mark.

But bare feet come, a deep and honest truth,
the raw imprint of a human youth.
I feel the pulse, the perfect, grounded hold,
a story in the curves and lines of old.
No filter now, no buffer in between,
just skin on me, a truly human scene.

Then slippers land, a firm and padded hush,
a cushioned weight, a sense of drowsy plush.
They carry warmth, the substance of the day,
a steady step that means the person's here to stay.
This is a landing, certain and well-known,
the solid comfort of a person's home.

And as the light grows dim, the house grows still,
I wait for shadows to climb and fill.
I catch my breath for that familiar tread,
the weight of tired feet, now bound for bed.
Each day's long story finds its hushed close,
and I remain here, the ground on which it goes.

But lately, that calm ending is no more;
The faltering story paced across the floor.
It's a slow dance, heavy with dread,
A restless turn instead of sleeping in bed.
I feel the circles of a haunted mind,
The old, deep guilt that no calm can unbind.

I was the rug that once knew peace,
But my worn spirit finds no release.
Each step I feel, a new and aching plight,
I long for empty hours in the night.
The nightly rhythm leaves no room to rest,
And puts my patient purpose to the test.

My threads, once vibrant, now feel weak and thin,
The endless turning wears me out within.
I serve as witness, though I've grown so tired,
The faithful keeper is now uninspired.
The constant walking leaves me soft and frayed,
A worn-out ground where sleepless ghosts have stayed.

So I remain, a witness on the floor,
For all the life that's been and gone before.
A ground for journeys, frayed and old,
A buried story that is not being told.
My final thread, stretched thin and pulled apart,
A weary keeper for a frayed, restless heart.

Now there are no footsteps, none at all,
No sock, no skin, no slipper in the hall.
The restless pacing I once feared is gone,
And worse than that, I'm left to walk alone.
The silence settles deeper than before,
I'd take the dread again, and ask for more.

The Child's Bed

My frame was wrapped in gold, pink and blue,
I held the dreams that every child once knew.
I kept the shadows from the sleeping head,
A fortress made of pillows for the bed.

The stories whispered in the evening light,
Protected all who rested through the night.
I felt the steady breathing, soft and deep,
A guardian of innocence and sleep.

But now the mattress lies so starkly bare,
No blanket left to warm the cooling air.
I always thought my courage was my own,
A fortress built from pillars I had grown.

I did not know the quilt that draped my frame
Was borrowed armor, lent to me in his name.
Each stitch of warmth, each weight upon my springs,
Was never mine — I only held such things.

I shiver as the floorboards start to creak,
And feel at last how thin, how truly weak
The iron is beneath its painted face:
I was not brave. I was only a resting place.

I search the dark for what I used to give
And find I have no comfort left to live.
I cannot warm myself, cannot calm my fear —
I only learned to, when someone else was near.

Oh, where has safety gone?

Now I understand: It never once was mine to command.

I was the vessel, never the guarding hand,

Fearless only because I didn't have to stand it alone.

Where is the child who used to protect me?

My New Angle

What stood before me never entered in.
Each likeness borrowed only light from me.
I gathered every passing shape as mine,
Mine blurred the edge between return and truth.
A surface learns whatever it returns,
until returning feels the same as being.

The pane gave every visitor a place,
yet nothing lingered longer than a glance.
Each morning settled softly into light,
Light touched the glass but never crossed within.
The room remained behind each passing form,
I answered movement more than what endured.

Behind the pane the silver never moved,
though countless faces came and went each day.
They borrowed every outline from my back,
Back held what glass could never recognize.
Reflection lived because the silver stayed,
not because strangers paused before the glass.

The wallpaper outwaited every name,
its faded vines returned without request.
No footsteps came to hide the quiet wall,
Wall kept its shape when everything else left.
The room had waited underneath them all,
patient beneath what never learned to stay.

The fracture changed the angle, not the truth.
Each shard returned the silver it once held.
I found no stranger waiting in the glass,
Glass held no face that did not pass through me.
What stood before me never entered in.
The mirror remained after every departure.

Backyard

The house does not extend past this point. It simply stops building itself inward.

The backyard holds what could not remain inside. Objects left where use ended, not where storage began. Surfaces exposed to weather without interruption.

Rust continues forming on iron that no longer supports movement. Moss spreads across stone without regard for what it once bordered. Wood softens under rain, adjusting slowly to conditions it does not resist.

A swing hangs from its frame, aligned for motion that no longer arrives. Its chains hold position without tension. The seat remains angled slightly off center, as if waiting for a return that never reestablishes timing.

A stone rests in the ground where it was placed by hands no longer present in the space. The impression of placement remains without the act that caused it.

Nothing here is being restored. Nothing here is being corrected. The house ends without changing direction.

Wind continues through the trees. Light continues across the yard. These movements do not respond to what is missing. Objects remain in their last functioned state, even when function has stopped being required.

What remains is only what continues without instruction.



Title: The Backyard , *Home of Words Written #9*

Painting: Oil on canvas

Size : 11 x 14

Artist: Constantina E. 2025

“Oil on stretched linen canvas, 11x14, executed ‘alla prima’. Folk style composition emphasizing the dreamlike essence of the house unified here by the elements of the swing, weathered headstone, and autumn field, and the recurring motif of the brick wall..”

Still Frame

A bench for two beneath low light over the yard
A place where hands once pressed into worn wood grain hard
We felt the weight of bodies settling into frame
The swing answered pressure and returned it all the same
The yard took every shift of balance through its length
Each creak ran through the chain with tightening strength

The door opens, closes, remains
Footsteps cross the gravel plains
A voice moves through the open air
A cup is set and left right there
A laugh extends across the yard
Then settles back beside the house

One afternoon the pattern holds its measured form
A body stands where it has stood through wind and storm
The swing carries motion along its carved out arc
The yard keeps motion traced in dust and fading mark
Time stretches between each repeated return
Nothing in the scene begins to churn

The arcs grow shorter with each pass
Each cycle trims the measured mass
The chain responds to every force
The wind runs thin along its course
The swing forgets the weight it bore
The pattern holds — until it does no more

But motion gathers in the frame and chain it wears
No step arrives to offer guiding hands or cares
The swing slows down without a body's steady hand
The warmth that used to guide it fades along the sand
The yard keeps space between each passing move
Movement continues with nothing left to prove

The air no longer moves at all
The space holds nothing left to swing
No sound moves across the yard
bench retains its fixed regard
yard shows no returning arc
bench receives no final mark

Chain goes still
Seat still
quiet

Sunset of the Fall

The sun, a blaze of fading gold,
A final warmth the evening holds.
It brushes fire through fields of green,
A quiet, changing autumn scene.
It settles low beyond the line,
And marks the close of day's design.

The sturdy tree stands rooted deep,
Its branches hold while shadows sleep.
Its trunk has borne the years and rain,
Its roots have gripped the earth again.
No voice remains to call its name,
Yet seasons pass and stay the same.

A whispered breeze moves through the grass,
The years of footsteps fade and pass.
The earth receives the autumn air,
The fallen leaves collect their share.
The gentle wind moves through the trees,
Unburdened by old memories.

The crickets sing their evening song,
The quiet fields continue on.
The lawn remains beneath the sky,
While fading colors drift nearby.
The world does not forget the past,
It simply lets the seasons last.

The sturdy tree stands silent, deep,
Its firm roots hold while all are asleep.
I rest beside a weathered stone,
My name is carved; the world moves on.

The Epitaph Stone

I lay a rough and somber, crude stone,
In dirt and darkness, living quite alone.
But then the light, the chisels, sharp and bright,
Pulled me forth and promised me the height.

I felt the shape, the destiny I'd find,
A polished figure, of worth yet undefined.
I loved the sound the mallet struck the stone,
The thrilling effort I had never known.

They said my body held the perfect form,
A god to rise, a hero to be born.
I felt the faults fall down in chips of white,
Emerging slowly, beautiful and right.

I watched the mason, his eyes were clear and deep,
He carved a shape that I would always keep.
He polished hard, till surface grew refined,
A marble skin around a core designed.

I dreamt of pillars, arches, height, and fame,
The glorious purpose worthy of my name.
Yet came the final stroke, the slow, cold steel,
Not carving grace, but carving grief to feel.

He did not raise me up to meet the sun,
But laid me flat when its grim work was done.
I stand a fixed surface, cold and true,
Defining all the things now old, not new.

The carving was not sheer beauty, but cries,
The stone that only stares at empty skies.
I felt the letters cut, specific, stark,
A final marker in the endless dark.

I hold no shape, no light, no power, no grace,
Just dates and names confined to a cold face.
No polished statue, perfect or complete—
Just the last stone where every journey meets.

The purpose I received was never fame.
It was to bear forever a single name.

Leaving the House

If you have reached this page, you have passed through every room. The objects inside were not simply objects. They were things that continued after their use was no longer returned to them.

A chair remains a chair. A window remains a window. A stone remains a stone. Their positions hold even when what they were positioned for has stopped occurring.

Dust continues to settle at the same rate across all surfaces. Light continues to enter and move across the floor without adjustment. Seasons continue outside without reference to what remains inside. Nothing here has changed what it is called. Only what it is used for has stopped arriving.

The rooms do not complete themselves. They remain in the state they were last left in, updated only by time that does not ask permission to pass through.

Some things continue after their purpose ends. That continuation is what the house has been showing. I am not offering an explanation of it. Only the record of passing through it.

Thank you for taken this stroll though The Home of Words Written..